

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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No attention paid to orders for the paper, unless accompanied by the Cash.

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

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Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

Louisville Journalisms.

The Detroit Post tells the Radicals that "each day should be improved as if it were the last day." Does it mean that each day should be improved as if it were the judgment day? We do not think that the Radicals will be able to improve that important day to their own advantage, or that it will improve them.

The Albany Evening Journal says "the Republican party will return to specie on the first possible occasion." Yes, if they happen to be forcibly separated at any time from any pile of specie, they will "return to it on the first possible occasion," and on all possible occasions. No doubt about that.

The radical engine in the South cannot be working smoothly or well. There is too much click and clack and rattle and clatter about it. Take it to pieces, rads, and see what is the matter with the infernal thing.

All the radical organs are attacking Governor Seymour because a sixty-four pound watermelon was lately sent to him from Georgia. It is as grave and important a charge as they can sustain against him—the miserable creatures!

The Cincinnati Chronicle says "Congress represents the popular will." Congress represents its own will, and the people seem to have made up their minds that they will represent theirs.

The editor of the Philadelphia Press says that "the country is at present a discredit to us." He seems determined to take revenge, as far as he is concerned, by making himself a discredit to the country.

General Butler impudently talks about "branding people." The old villain bears the brand of "thief" as plainly upon his forehead as if it had been burned to the bone with a hot iron.

The St. Louis Democrat says that Kentucky is shipping arms into Missouri, and voters into Indiana. A paper that has no regard for truth can say that just as easily as anything else.

We shall have no dispute with the Radical organs about Governor Seymour's backbone. 'Tis a first-rate backbone but we shall not make it a bone of contention.

If the convict negro, A. A. Bradley, gives out or breaks down as leader of the Georgia radicals, can't they draw upon the Sing-Sing penitentiary for another?

The Kukluxes, so-called, of Kentucky, are at best thin phantoms, stalking, in phantom masks and uniforms, through phantom brains.

If the ladies of the East are on the Grecian bend, a good many men in this State are often on Kentucky benders.

You can vote, say the Georgia carpet-baggers to the negroes, but we must be voted for. The negroes are getting to dislike the game.

General Grant, in saying nothing, tells all he knows.

The matter with Forney is that he has the itch in the palm of his hand.

Forney exclaims, "Up with the stars." But they are higher up now than ever he will get.

The ladies of the present day may not be a very healthy race, but they don't seem to go much to waist.

Short Paragraphs.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals? Because his thoughts are always on the rack.

If you think that it is an easy thing to square the circle, just go and settle your wife's bill for hoops.

Why are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April? Because they've just gone through a March.

Two men undertook to see which would run the fastest. One was a sheriff's officer and the other was a debtor.

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the Bills before Parliament are not counterfeit, why should there be such difficulty in passing them?

Sweddepipes thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid. Sweddepipes should not be impertinent.

Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

"Porter," asked a young lady of an Irish railway porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, mum," was Mike's reply.

"I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," said O'Connell to a vain young writer. "Eh, what, sir?" was the eager rejoinder. "A penny bun, my friend."

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement:—"Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

"It seems," observe one dandy to another at a party, "that they give on supper to night." To which the other replied, "Then I stop my expenses," and coolly took off his new pair of gloves.

"Tommy, my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I may have some more of those cough lozenges you gave me yesterday."

Charles: Clara, did poor little Carol have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him? Clara: Yes, yes, the little dear. Have you seen him? Charles: No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage.

An Ohio editor asks: "What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman, say about four feet eleven inches high, eleven feet four inches in diameter, and thirty-four feet in circumference, passing along the aisle?"

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel, "that is my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

"If ever you have a dispute with any one about money," said a seedy fellow to a rich friend, "just leave it to me."

A fellow, in an oblivious state, took up his lodgings on the sidewalk. He woke next morning and straightened himself up, looked on the ground on which he had made his couch. "Well," he said, "if I had a pickaxe, I would make up my bed!"

During an election time one of the candidates called upon a tradesman and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the devil than you!" was the reply. "But, in that case, should your friend not to come forward," said the candidate, "might I not count on your assistance?"

Paddy's description of a fiddle can not be beat: "It was the shape of a turkey and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its belly and rubbed its backbone with a stick, and ooh, by St. Patrick, how it did squeal!"

Some literary mouser has discovered that the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Monthly is made up by a woman. There is nothing very remarkable about that. Editors, like other men, must employ female skill to make their drawers.

A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. "My horse, if you please," said his wife, "my money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband bowing, "and your money bought me too." That was a good one.

A very handsome young lady down East, they say, went a whole day without going to her looking glass. Her suffering must have been excruciating.

Pete is you into them sweetmeats again! No marm, them sweetmeats is into me.

REJOICING TOO SOON.

The Democracy O. K. in Maine.

As in the case of Vermont the Radicals are rejoicing insanely over a supposed victory in Maine. Our dispatches this morning, says the Press and Herald of the 17th inst., slightly tinge their joyful cup with bitter waters. Instead of losing ground the Democracy of Maine are strengthened. There has been a marked increase and growth of Democratic sentiment in that Jacobinized State, as figures which never lie, will show.

In 1866, the last time when the election was determined upon national issues, the vote stood for the Republicans, 69,626; for the Democracy, 41,939—giving a Radical majority of 27,687. On this vote the Democrats have gained 14,876, while the Republican increase is but 4,850. In other words the Democracy have gained 35 1/2 per cent., while the Republican gain is about 7 per cent. In 1867, but a small vote was polled, and, of course, the vote being largely increased this year, that increase inures nominally to the benefit of the Radicals. But after all, the Democratic column is being regularly strengthened, even in the strongholds of Radicalism.

Neither Maine nor Vermont was ever looked to to aid in the election of Seymour and Blair.

CONGRESS.

An Extra Session Called.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—The following has been issued:

The President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, by resolution of Congress to adjourn their House until the third Monday of September and on that day, unless otherwise ordered by the two Houses, they were directed to further adjourn their respective Houses until the first Monday of December. In accordance with the request of the Republican members of the 40th Congress, the undersigned decide and respectfully recommend that there be a full attendance of both Houses on the 21st of September. It is not expected that general legislative business will be entered upon at that time, or that the session will be longer than to provide for another adjournment. It is important that there should be such a general attendance of members as will secure the presence of a quorum in each House.

Signed E. D. MORGAN,
ROBT. C. SCHENCK.

ADVICE FROM A NORTH CAROLINA FREED-MAN.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Times publishes the following card, written by a freedman, and addressed to the colored people of Mecklenburg:

I am one of your number. From a sense of duty I became a Democrat. I wish to appeal to you, not because I wish you to join my party, but because I see that you are in danger. Wicked white men—mean white men that are skinning you every day, and intend to take the whole hide off—have already made you believe a hundred lies, and they are making you believe them now. They will get all they can out of you and then turn you over to the mercy of the white people that you are now turning your backs upon. You are freemen, indeed, when you dare not think or speak or act, except just as your white Radical masters order you to do. You are obliged to vote for them and not even your own color. They say Conservatives and Democrats want to make you slaves again. If they did these men could not, and would not if they could, prevent it. They did not make you free, and can't keep you free. You just know the respectable people of the South don't want to make us slaves again, and could not if they wanted to. I was a slave—am now free. I expect to die free, but I want to be respected by the decent white people. As it is clear they intend to rule, say what we may, it would be well to make them our friends. The colored people had better take warning in time and show that they have some sense. I write this of my own accord, as of my own accord I joined the Democratic party, and intend to continue in it.

HENRY MILLER.

From the Union and American.]

THE CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

By official announcement of the Executive Democratic Committee of this State, it will be seen that an active, thorough and vigorous canvass during the elective campaign for President and Vice President has been resolved upon. This action was not taken by the committee before an exhaustive consideration of all the circumstances by which we are surrounded and after full deliberation upon the views of those patriotic Democrats who have thought that "masterly inactivity" seemed wisest and best for the present and future of the State.

Our condition is anomalous. There is nothing like it in American history, and our labors must be adapted to the exigency. For all wrongs the theory of our government provides remedies. The fountain of these is the will of the people, inspired by a prevailing sense of justice and the spirit of freemen, guided by wisdom.

With this view it is resolved to appeal, together with the Democracy of the whole Union, to the ballot-box for redress of the grievances under which the people of the Union and of Tennessee labor. Relying upon the Democracy of other States for the performance of their part in the contest, it falls upon us to discharge ours without fainting or faltering.

In the great conflicts of the world every man engaged in them is not expected to be in the van. In armies and in the means necessary to sustain armies, there are more than half who act as purveyors. In the contest at the ballot-box, the disfranchised in this State may do equally important work with the voter. The Executive Committee appeal to them to enter earnestly and vigorously upon this work. They call upon the Democracy of every District to nominate their respective electors, and to proceed, by every means in their power, consistent with law and the enduring principles of Republican liberty, to redeem the State from thralldom, and the country at large from usurpation and danger.

The progress of the campaign will develop the best plans for the purpose, and the committee now appeal to the whole people to organize to work from this to the election. Their news from the North and from the South, and from the great bosom of their own people, is that labor now expended will not be lost.

Citizens of Tennessee! your time is now. By peaceful means, by the power of mind over matter, come to the rescue of yourselves and your children from a despotism more intolerant and galling than any on the face of this earth!

SAXE AND THE GRECIAN BEND.

It is said that the Grecian Bend was driven out of Saratoga by the nickname of the "cholic stoop," which was given to it by John G. Saxe—for which he deserves the thanks of the country.

Ridicule will sometimes effect reforms where reason is powerless. This vulgar fashion stood the attacks of the latter for weeks, until Saxe let fly his shaft, when it succumbed at once.

Like all watering places, Saratoga has always on hand several old bachelors, who having been kicked successively for twenty seasons, have become hopeless, soured and filled with spite against the reigning beauties, because their mothers would not accept them.

These dry old fellows, after they had read Saxe's sharp attack on the abominable deformity, would go up to a young lady and maliciously enquire after her health, saying that they had heard that she had been seriously sick, but hoped she was better—trusting she would take better care of her health, &c.

The lovely creatures did not at first understand these kind inquiries, but as soon as they saw Saxe's attack they understood it at once, and not one has since put on the airs and graces of one afflicted with the cholic.

FINED.—In the Circuit Court on Tuesday David McMackins was fined \$25 for taking four shots at Henry Finch with a pistol. This is just \$6 25 a pop. Cheap enough in all conscience! Who says that Government is oppressive?

[West Tennessean.]

MOUNTAIN HIGH!

From the Frankfort Yeoman.]

When we speak of the public debt as being "mountain high," we but faintly present the reality.

Let us illustrate: The highest mountain in the world is a peak of the Himalaya Mountains, in India, which reaches the altitude of 28,178 feet, or a little less than 5 1/2 miles.

The public debt of the United States according to the official statement of the Secretary of Treasury, amounted, on the first of the month, to the sum of \$2,523,480,000. Now, let us, for illustration, suppose this debt to be one dollar bills, and piled up before us. Do you imagine it would reach "mountain height?" Let us see:

Allow one hundred notes to the inch, and we have its height:
to be.....25,234,480.....inches!
or.....2,102,945.....feet!!
or.....700,681.....yards!!!
or.....398.....miles!!!!
or, if the notes were of the denomination of \$100 instead of \$1, we should have a pyramid of money reaching about four miles high! Whilst the highest mountain peak in North America (Mount St. Elias, in Russian America) is but 17,900 feet, or less than 3 1/2 miles.

Still further: let us suppose the debt to be in silver instead of notes, and estimating \$16 to the pound, we have a weight of debt amounting to just 158,720,905 pounds! or 9857 car loads (at 16,000 pounds to the car), which would make a train of cars of fifty-six miles in length, allowing but thirty feet to the car!

We present these illustrations because we would, if possible, arouse the people to an appreciation of the magnitude of the monster mountain high and mountain weight of debt which is crushing the life from a struggling Republic.

If the picture presented above is a pleasant one, you will sustain the Radical party; for that organization promises not only to preserve this grand mountain of debt, but to add mile upon mile to its column as the months roll on. Last month the addition was \$13,900,000, or two miles in height, or \$12,500 pounds in weight, or 50 car loads, making a train of 500 yards in length, according to the foregoing estimates. The increased grandeur of this little mountain one year hence, with Radicals still in power, can be estimated by multiplying the figure last above by twelve. Thanks to the good sense of the American people, however, they must turn over, on the 4th of March next, to the Democracy. Then we shall, by rigid economy and honesty, dig down the mountain, instead of piling it higher and higher.

A TOUGH YARN.

There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the natives plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket; they can't raise ducks there anyhow, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a grindstone.

But this ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The land is so poor there that it takes two kildees to whistle, and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up the mullen stalks and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the bumble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass. All the musquitoes have died of starvation, and the turkey-buzzards have been obliged to emigrate.

But there is a county in Virginia which can beat that. There the land is so sterile that when the wind is from the north-west they have to tie the children together to keep them from being blown away—there it takes six frogs to raise one croak and when the dogs bark they have to lean against a fence—the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down.

The following significant paragraph is from the New York Herald:

Profit and Loss.—Upward gold, downward greenbacks. Who pocket the losses? The great body of the people. How long! That, too, is a question for the people to answer in November.

Yuba Dam writes very mournfully that his Susan Jane is broke out with the Grecian Bend.